

Glasgow Weekly Times.

DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 13.

CITY OF GLASGOW, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1852.

NO. 42.

TALLY & MATTHEWS. CABINET MAKERS.

Will make to order, in the neatest and most fashionable style, and from the best materials all kinds of Furniture.
Particular attention paid to making Coffins.
Also—Patent Metallic Coffins kept constantly on hand.
Shop second door above the Post Office.
September 2, 1852.

CAED.
DOCTORS VAUGHAN & CAMPBELL.
Have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, &c., &c. Office next door to Dr. V's residence.
August 7, 1851.

F. A. SAVAGE.
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
Hats, Caps, Hard and Soft, &c., &c.
WATER STREET, GLASGOW, NO.

CARLOS BOARDMAN.
Attorney at Law, Lincoln, Lim County, Mo.
Will continue the practice of the Law, in Lim and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
April 3, 1851.

LOGAN D. DAMERON.
DEALER IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Water Street, Glasgow, Mo.
KEEPS constantly on hand a general assortment of seasonable goods.

JOHN C. CRAWLEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GLASGOW, MO.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in the Courts of Howard and adjoining counties.
Office with Drs. Vaughan & Campbell.
Glasgow, June 19, 1851—4.

PREWITT & HENRY.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, FAYETTE, MO.
Will attend to all business entrusted to them in Howard, and the counties adjoining—Particular attention paid to collecting.
Office in Crigler's Frame building two doors above the Recorder's Office.
November 15, 1849—y.

G. H. BURKHARTT.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTSVILLE, MO.
Will practice law in the counties of Randolph, Chariton, Howard, Boone, Monroe, Adair and Schuyler. All business entrusted to him will receive his prompt attention.
Office in second story above McCampbell & Co's store.
October 24—34.

THOS. SHACKELFORD.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GLASGOW, MO.
Will practice law in the Courts of Howard, St. Louis, Cooper, Randolph and Chariton counties.
Office on First Street.

P. W. DIGGES & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS,
(Corner of Market and W. streets.)
GLASGOW, MO.

DR. H. WALKER.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of the place and vicinity.
Office at Dr. Henderson's Drug Store, and residence at the Glasgow House, at one of which places he can always be found, when not professionally absent.
Glasgow, Jan 15, 1852

GLASGOW HOUSE,
OPPOSITE STEAM BOAT LANDING,
Water Street, Glasgow, Mo.

THIS large and commodious house is open for the reception of travellers and elegant boarders. Having procured a competent assistant, the proprietor feels confident that entire satisfaction will be given to all.
Good stables conveniently situated adjacent to the house. Stage office for the East, West, and North also kept here.
Bar supplied with choice Liquors, Wines, and Cigars.
May 6, 1852.

A. F. DENNY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him.
Office in the new Post Office buildings.
May 13, 1852.

MANUFACTORY,
ROPER & BROTHER,
Manufacturers of Saddles, Harness, Trunks, and every description of Saddlery.
Water Street, Glasgow.
April 29, 1852.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, &c.
S. W. ROBERTSON

BEGS to announce to the citizens of Glasgow, and surrounding country, that he has just received and opened an entirely new and fashionable assortment of Jewellery, consisting in part of:
Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches,
DIVERSE STYLES.
Ladies' Breast and Cuff Pins, Bracelets, Ear Rings, Silvers Ware, Spectacles, Cutlery, &c.
Together with other articles usually called for, which will receive constant additions.
He is also prepared to manufacture any article of Jewellery or Silver Ware, according to any pattern desired.
Cash paid for old Gold and Silver.
Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted.
Shop, Water Street, first door above Nason & Robinson's.
[Glasgow, Aug. 12]

DR. E. CRAIN'S
Spino-Abdominal Supporter and Shoulder Brace.
DIGGES & CO., have on hand a small assortment of the above Instruments, which they offer to those affected with the diseases for which they are intended.
[June 19]

FURNITURE.
I am now in receipt of a large lot of Furniture, which I offer at low prices, consisting in part of the following articles: Bureaus, Chairs, Tables, Sofas, Bedsteads, Lounges, Wash Stands, Safes, Writing Desks, Cribs, &c.
J. S. THOMSON.

Pure Quinine.
WE have in Store, and for sale, 250 oz. Quinine, which we warrant strictly pure, and full weight. In quantities of five oz., and over, we will sell it at \$3.25, per oz., and by the single ounce, \$3.50. Less than one ounce will not be sold.
W. F. BIRCH & SON.
September 23, 1852.

THE TIMES.

BY CLARK H. GREEN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
Office on Water Street, Up Stairs, next door to the Glasgow House.

TERMS.
\$2 In Advance—\$2 At the End of the Year.
\$1 In Advance to Clubs of 10.

Rates of Advertising.
\$1 per square of 12 lines or less, for the First Insertion, and Fifty Cents for subsequent ones. Liberal deductions to Yearly Advertisers.

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Bloomington—TITUS G. SHARP.
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Cambridge—JOHN H. GROVE.
Chillicothe—W. C. SAMUEL.
Milan—STEPHEN HINES & Co.

1853.
DOLLAR NEWSPAPER!

The Times, for the year 1853, will be published at ONE DOLLAR in advance. At the close of the present year, we intend to close up our subscription accounts, and so paper will be sent without advance payment. We make this announcement now, so that all may understand. We shall issue a prospectus in a few days, and place it in the hands of our agents, postmasters and friends, in order that all who want the Times next year, may begin with the first number.

All our subscription accounts will be closed with the last issue in this month.—By that time, all accounts unpaid will be placed out for immediate collection. Those indebted can call and discharge the same, and thereby save all parties further trouble.

We intend to have the accounts closed.

Clubs and advance subscribers, will, of course, receive the paper for the time paid, when they will be discontinued, and no more papers sent without advance payment.

Persons indebted to this office for Job Work or Advertising, are requested to close their accounts. We mean every body.

The message of Gov. Means to the South Carolina Legislature, breathes strongly of nullification. The Governor thinks the time will soon come when the South will band together, and form a Southern Republic.

FILLING TEETH OVER EXPOSED NERVES.
Dr. S. P. HOLIHEN, of Wheeling, Va., has discovered a method whereby the cavities of teeth over exposed nerves may be successfully plugged up. It is this: The diseased parts of the teeth are removed to make it appear that the nerve is exposed. The nerve is then perforated through the gum into the nerve cavity. The opening should be of about the size of a small knitting needle; its object is to open the blood vessels of the nerve, which will at once be known by the flow of arterial blood. The cavity of the tooth may then be filled without the least fear of pain or ill consequence. The plan has been successfully practiced in a great number of cases. Hitherto a tooth having an exposed nerve could not be filled and prevent pain and toothache.—[Scientific American.]

COMPLETED.—The Railroad from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh has at last been completed, and passengers now go direct by cars from Pittsburgh to Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Times from Pittsburgh to those points only 18 hours. Arrangements are in progress to celebrate the event in a becoming manner.

The Cincinnati Commercial says:
"A man ninety-nine years of age was in the water house on Saturday night for drunkenness. He promised to avoid such youthful indiscretions in future, and was discharged."

ACTION AND REACTION IN FARMING.
Fences operate in two ways; if good they are a defense, if poor an offense.
Many a farmer by too sparingly seeding his new meadows, has had to cede his whole farm.

Every farmer should see daily every animal he has, and inspect its condition.—Weekly visits, as with some, soon result in weakly animals.

The man who provides well-sheltered cotes for his sheep in winter, will soon find plenty of coats for his own back.
A good housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be equally familiar with the flower garden and flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, yet the secret of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. If her husband is a skillful sower of grain, she is equally skilful as a sower of garments; he keeps his hoar bright by use—she keeps the loss of the whole family in order.—[Albany Cultivator.]

Delicious Sardines, such as are now preserved in France, and exported to this country, are found in great excellence and abundance in the Bay of Monterey, California, and indeed in quiet waters all along the coast from Panama to Oregon. If they had the olive in that region they might be preserved and exported in as great profusion as from France. The price is now exorbitant.

PASSING AWAY.

I am passing away, the rivulet said.
As it danced along in its pebbly bed;
I unto myself with the ocean old.
And sweep o'er forms that were fearless and bold;
And then to the clouds I'm carried high,
Refusing the earth with dew from the sky.
Thus the stream sung on in tones wild and gay,
"I'm passing away—I'm passing away!"

We are passing away, the red man said,
As he looked around on the scattered dead.
But few remain, and we'll soon be at rest
With those we loved, in the land of the blest;
And the white man then will be roaming here,
O'er this land of ours to us so dear.
And the theme of his song will be in that day,
They have passed away—they have passed away!

We are passing away, is the song that is sung,
From the lips of all, both old and young.
That song is sung through the tall forest trees,
By the gentle sigh of the evening breeze.
'Tis heard in the North, South, East and West,
'Tis ever told in the land of the blest.
That the chosen of earth must not here stay,
They must pass, ay, all, must pass away.

The following very pretty and spicy paragraph we find going the rounds of the press:

MARRIED.—In San Francisco, Oct. 14th, JOHN C. BULL, of Roxbury, Mass., to Miss ELIZABETH JUSTICE, of Cincinnati.

Bell-man of metal—METAL sought;
But his Bell-metal tuneless rung.
Until, by roguish Cupid brought,
JUSTICE gave BELL another TONGUE!
O may they ring together well,
And Bessy, too, be always BELL.

We suppose there can be no longer any doubt but "justice is satisfied."

From the Boston Olive Branch.
THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

The stars burned with a lustre peculiar to the autumn sky; a clear, mild atmosphere gave a most refreshing elasticity to my spirits, and I wandered from home, I scarcely knew why, and found myself, after a leisure walk, near the old fashioned burial ground of Dalton village. I was a happy man—I was really and professionally an "M. D." What directed my steps to the lovely rural burial ground, I cannot now tell, but as surely as I live, I now believe some mysterious agency guided my course. The gate was open, the walks glittered in the strong light, the shadows leaned down from the trees and freeseed the smooth gravel with quaint tracery, the buds and flowers grew around in dark masses upon the gently curved mounds. I knew they were flowers, for their fragrance betrayed them—seemed whispering in their silent language to the beautiful dead below. In my youth I was fond of symbolizing every thing inanimate had its type in some ideal or oriental fancy; this evening I felt like a poet.

I sauntered carelessly along the side where a hawthorn hedge twined its firm tendrils together, dragging my cane after me, musing in careless reverie. Suddenly I paused; Judge L.'s beautiful lot was directly before me—his little silver tombstone building up and breaking into blue globes that glistened like bear frost. Here I leaned by a huge elm and closed my eyes, as the wild magic breathing of a flute, skillfully touched, came upon me. I think that was the most blessed hour of my existence; for, mingling with that plaintive melody, came a bright, gentle face, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks just crimsoned enough to resemble two pale rose leaves flushing the purest snow. Oh! how I loved that sweet May Kendall! I idolized her, and egoist that I was, fancied that my unspoken passion was returned. But I will not linger in those few moments I was pouring my very soul in the heart that I fondly fancied, as youth will sometimes, was in a kind of spiritual presence, ever beside me.

My reverie was broken by the approach of a stranger, and a light, silver lady, shut out the music of the flute—for it was so like May's—so ringing, so joyous. Presently, as the fine, manly form drew nearer I recognized the features of one who had been my college mate two years before. I would have sprung forward to meet him; his name was trembling on my lips, when a slight arrested my attention that chilled, my blood, and my teeth chattered with a sudden and freezing fear. The two had come almost beside me, and there stopped, charmed with the little sylphs; but the lady held her hat by the strings, one arm passed confidently through that of her companion; and when she turned her radiant face towards me—who was concealed by the shadow—I recognized in the full flood of moonlight, May Kendall. I do not like, even at this late day, to review the feelings that shook my frame when I heard such words of tenderness to each other, in subdued and happy tones; a deathly faintness came over me, as I gathered from their lips the knowledge that they were betrothed; and when that passed off, a fierce revenge sent the blood boiling through my veins.

Once, I would have leaped upon him and demanded my May, my love, without whom my life would be a curse and the world a dread blank. But then, by what right could I call her mine? True, she had been kind to me, but never more than her maiden modesty might well besseem her conduct.—Now I knew—God forgive me for the rage that tugged at my heart strings as I thought it—why she had talked of Frederick; oh! God that I was not to comprehend; she smiled upon me because I was his friend; because I had ever some sweet recollection to tell, some comely virtue to praise—and blinded by my own blindness, if I may so speak, I fancied she loved me.

How did I command myself enough still to stand motionless, even till I learned the day and the hour that the wedding would take place? For every nerve in my body had changed to an instrument of torture. Fortunately they did not pass me, but retraced their steps; and I bending low, with an almost breaking heart, slowly left the pleasant grave yard, and walked towards my home, too wretched to think, or tell the crushing weight of my disappointment.

The next day, before sunrise, I was on my way to a neighboring city. I was in a strange tumult, that I knew not but would prove fatal to me. I was ready for almost any desperate deed, and had more than once contemplated self-destruction; but I called philosophy—nay, something higher, holier, to my aid, religion—and in time I became soothed, but not comforted—that is, after I knew May was irrevocably married.

Two months passed. I deemed myself fortified sufficiently with good resolutions, to return to my chosen place of residence. It was noon when I drove up the main street, a carriage at that moment dashed by me; in another moment it had turned and Frederick was abreast. Involuntarily drew my reins—his face denoted strong agitation.

"For God's sake, Dr. Lane, my early friend, do not stop till you reach Mrs. Kendall's! My May lies there, sick, dying!" he gasped, turning ashy pale. My face blanched; I felt a kind of tremor; we dashed on without speaking, and in fifteen minutes I stood by the couch of the bride.

That was an awful hour that spent at its close I pressed down her white eyelids over her dull, glazed eyes. All heaven! thought I, how can such beauty be dead?—And still, for there was a triumph at my heart—until I beheld the awful grief of the husband, as I almost forced him from the inanimate body that he would hold clasped to his bosom, kissing the white lip, the white cheek, even the golden locks that lay damp and uncared for over her shoulders.

When I left the house of mourning, was it not strange the calmness I felt settling down over my spirit? Could this thought, even in its faintest tracery, swell through my mind at such a time—she is not mine, and neither is she his; I am glad that as she could not be mine only, none but death can claim her now? I fear, that had conscience applied her torch, she would have read those scathing words written on the crimson portals of my heart; but I must hasten.

The next day, I went over to be present at the funeral services; and still I felt that sorrowful happiness. Poor Frederick was at times raving, then stupid with grief; and the mourners assembled with the beautiful dead by the side, in her coffin; and I, who gazed in my arms—on this bosom—bade me farewell—grey white and cold—no, not you mock me!

"Frederick," said I, while the tears rained down my cheeks, "your wife still lives—she was only in a trance!"

Never shall I forget the ensuing scene; he threw his arms around me, and hugged me like his own frantic, "God bless you! Heaven bless you! Oh doctor, I shall die of this excess of joy! lead me to her where she is, my friend? My May, my sweet bird, not dead—not dead, when these eyes looked upon her for the last time? Oh! but, no, Doctor, this is too beautiful, too good! let me see her, I will be calm; and doctor," he exclaimed, grasping my arm with his shaking fingers, "I would almost give you my life for this, I would, I would, I could not have survived long—your cannot tell how dearly I loved her. Dear doctor, God bless you!"

He did not even dream, poor fellow, that he had been my rival.

The mother hung over her child—the husband bent over his bride—full of thanksgiving she, with her large blue eyes, moving fondly from one to the other, as she whispered, "Am better, stronger—I shall soon be well again; I have been sick very long have I not?"

Frederick kissed her pure brow in reply, and then hid his face in the pillow, to weep in silence—and then I felt them a happier being, a better man, and happier and better I have been ever since.

May and her husband still live—a fond, beautiful pair, even now, I am an old bachelor.

A Wife's Prayer.

If there is anything that comes nearer to the importation of Ruth to Naomi than the subject, we have not seen it:

"Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband, let his life be long and blessed; comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys—a refreshment in all his sorrows—a most helper for him in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentment, and unreasonable passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee; having our portion in the love and service of God forever."

CARE FOR OTHERS.—A poor old man, busy planting an apple tree, was rudely asked—"What do you plant trees for? you cannot expect to eat the fruit of them." He raised himself up, and leaning on his spade answered—"some one planted trees for me, before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now plant for others to show my gratitude, when I am dead and gone."—Thus should we think and act for the welfare of others.

For SALE.—A cock stove, four years old, and well broke. Will draw anything from green oak to a landscape.

ghostly, her eyes staring frightfully. I seized her by the arm, but she stirred not; shook her rudely, saying, "Unless you help me, Marie, she may perhaps really die; quick, come and cut off her grave clothes; she must not see them—must not know of this!"

With a wild, unnatural burst of laughter, the girl aroused herself from her stupor; then, as suddenly, a flood of tears came to her relief all was right now; she followed me to the next chamber, and untied the white satin ribbons from the delicate wrists, I loosened the linen bands on the breast, so by the time the young bride opened her eyes, she was lying as if she had sought her couch for pleasant slumber.

And now the most terrible excitement over, I breathed freely; and yet another important task was to be accomplished; by my orders the ceremony would be delayed for a moment; he was so disheveled with his grief that all news was alike to him, they led him where they liked; he sat in a little room just across the entry. I went in, closed the door and stood behind him—he glanced up once, then buried his face in his hands with a deep unutterable groan, that went to my very soul. Oh! I felt for the first time such exquisite joy in the performance of a good deed—I experienced a new love for my profession.

"Frederick," said I, placing my arm around his neck, "Frederick, there is some good yet in store for you do not mourn in this way, Frederick."

"I am a broken hearted man," he uttered, in faltering accents; "do not strive to comfort me, you only increase my misery."

"But if I could give you comfort you little dream of it—if I told you—oh! I stammered, and I knew not how to proceed; for the husband's wild eyes were fastened on my face, while he half rose with a strange, quick movement.

"What—if what? Dr. Lane?—oh! what am I to think?" his voice trembled; "there is something in my heart that bids me look to you for hope now! Yet why, why?—the words sank manfully into silence."

"Did you ever hear of people falling into trances, and then when roused for the burial—"

I could proceed no further; the excited man sprang from his seat, clenched both hands, and with fire in his eyes incoherently exclaimed:

"What—how?—dead?—in a trance?—had you heard of—oh! no—alive—alive? Great God! merciful God! you do not tell me that she—my May, whom I saw die, who gazed in my arms—on this bosom—bade me farewell—grey white and cold—no, not you mock me!"

"Frederick," said I, while the tears rained down my cheeks, "your wife still lives—she was only in a trance."

Well, now, about the Cabinet. That is a ticklish kind of business, and I feel uneasy to know how you'll get along with it. Uncle Joshua thinks you'd better take one out of each party that went for you, and give each a fair chance. But you can't have but seven members in the Cabinet unless you conclude to have a Northern Cabinet too, and I don't suppose you'll do that, for they don't act to work very well. Oh! Hickory himself got rather tired of the before 'twas over. So if you haven't but seven members, there won't be enough to give one to each party, and then that's left to stick their fingers will always be hitting their thumbs at you. And then you know the rule is, that the Cabinet should always be a unit. But I'm afraid if you get one in from each party, it will be a very quarrelsome kind of unit, and you will have no comfort of your life. And then if you was to give the whole to one or two parties, you would of course have about a dozen varieties in arms, and you and squalls, and bayonets blowing from all quarters. Just see how it would work. If you should pick out a sound, wise Old Fogy to hold with you to help coach matters, you'd have the Democratic Review would be done for you like a diamond and of tricks and blackguarding you like a pickpocket for trying to hold the balance along the "more honest horse." And then if you was to look "better was and set Young America to the helm, the old Fogy would be afraid some of the mad ones would run us on to the breakers and send us all to the bottom. In that case pretty likely there'd be a great unit out of the Cabinet then there was in it, and there would be danger of making all round. So there you are. You seem to be in a snarl, any way you can fix it.

Now, if you will take my advice, General, you will shut your eyes and snore your ears and take the responsibility, and when they come pulling and hauling around you, just say to the Democrats, and the Old Fogy, and Young America, and the Free Soilers, and the Abolitionists, and the Free Soilers, and the Abolitionists, and the Free Soilers, and the Abolitionists, that you don't know name of 'em, and that you ain't their President, but that you are the President of those thirty-one United States, and you mean to go for the whole or none. That is, I mean the whole of these United States that is fairly ours, and not the whole of creation, for this last business is one that needs to be looked at and thought on considerably before going into it. I know some folks say there is to be a great deal of unmix in done during your administration. Now I don't know what your notions is on this subject, but if unmix is to be the main business of your term, the next question is, what is the best way to do it? Uncle Joshua always says, in nine cases out of ten, it costs more to rob an orchard than it would to buy the apples. If that's true, may be that filibustering wouldn't be the cheapest way. But some folks have a great fancy for filibustering, let it cost what it will. If you should think of branching out strong that way, I don't suppose you could do better than to take Kossuth for

Private Letter to General Pierce.

DOWNSVILLE, STATE OF MASS., November 18, 1852.

Dear General—I guess you little thought when we were having that scratch in Mexico, that it was going to make a President of you. But time and chance happens to all men, and why shouldn't luck come to you as well as any body else? I didn't expect, when I lost dear old General Jackson, that I should ever have a chance to write to another General in the President's chair. President Polk was only a Colonel, and remember I didn't seem half so natural for me to say, "dear General" as it did to say "dear General," I had been so used to it in Old Hickory's time. And I can't help thinking that nobody lower than General ever ought to be President. But that a soldier here and there; you are President and have to go ahead and make the best of it. And as I had a good deal of experience in General Jackson's time, and you are kind enough in Government matters, I felt it my duty to write to you to encourage you along, for I don't expect you to know what dedication and trying times there is in going through the Presidency. The best thing that is necessary is to keep a stiff upper lip. But I'm keeping a stiff upper lip, but I'm sure General Jackson through a long and hard trial. There was so many hard to the hollows that showed you before the Presidency that I'm afraid when they come to settle up accounts there'll be a squabble that will make more trouble for you than ever Old Hickory had. When the old line Democrats, north and south, and the Free Soilers, and the Rights Democrats, and the Union Whigs, and the Secessionists, and the Carolina Whigs, and the Old Fogy and Young America, all get you by the throat, and all crying out, "they're that then, even," I almost tremble to think what will become of you, unless you have a good deal of old Hickory grit. You must put on the stiffest kind of upper lip and take the responsibility, or it'll be gone gone with you. You had better shake them all off, and advise that you won't pay no debts of their contracting.

You must remember that the White party is dead and buried so you haven't got to fight again that no more. And you must remember, too, that the White party has but considerable valuable property, and that if the Democratic party is the natural heir to it, so you can take up the work, and the Old Fogy and Internal Improvements, and such kind of notions, and use 'em quietly for the benefit of the great Democratic party, and say nothing about it. Only you must take care to fix 'em over into Democratic Rule, and Democratic Tariff, and Democratic Internal Improvements, and then nobody won't say a word against 'em.

Well, now, about the Cabinet. That is a ticklish kind of business, and I feel uneasy to know how you'll get along with it. Uncle Joshua thinks you'd better take one out of each party that went for you, and give each a fair chance. But you can't have but seven members in the Cabinet unless you conclude to have a Northern Cabinet too, and I don't suppose you'll do that, for they don't act to work very well. Oh! Hickory himself got rather tired of the before 'twas over. So if you haven't but seven members, there won't be enough to give one to each party, and then that's left to stick their fingers will always be hitting their thumbs at you. And then you know the rule is, that the Cabinet should always be a unit. But I'm afraid if you get one in from each party, it will be a very quarrelsome kind of unit, and you will have no comfort of your life. And then if you was to give the whole to one or two parties, you would of course have about a dozen varieties in arms, and you and squalls, and bayonets blowing from all quarters. Just see how it would work. If you should pick out a sound, wise Old Fogy to hold with you to help coach matters, you'd have the Democratic Review would be done for you like a diamond and of tricks and blackguarding you like a pickpocket for trying to hold the balance along the "more honest horse." And then if you was to look "better was and set Young America to the helm, the old Fogy would be afraid some of the mad ones would run us on to the breakers and send us all to the bottom. In that case pretty likely there'd be a great unit out of the Cabinet then there was in it, and there would be danger of making all round. So there you are. You seem to be in a snarl, any way you can fix it.

Now, if you will take my advice, General, you will shut your eyes and snore your ears and take the responsibility, and when they come pulling and hauling around you, just say to the Democrats, and the Old Fogy, and Young America, and the Free Soilers, and the Abolitionists, and the Free Soilers, and the Abolitionists, and the Free Soilers, and the Abolitionists, that you don't know name of 'em, and that you ain't their President, but that you are the President of those thirty-one United States, and you mean to go for the whole or none. That is, I mean the whole of these United States that is fairly ours, and not the whole of creation, for this last business is one that needs to be looked at and thought on considerably before going into it. I know some folks say there is to be a great deal of unmix in done during your administration. Now I don't know what your notions is on this subject, but if unmix is to be the main business of your term, the next question is, what is the best way to do it? Uncle Joshua always says, in nine cases out of ten, it costs more to rob an orchard than it would to buy the apples. If that's true, may be that filibustering wouldn't be the cheapest way. But some folks have a great fancy for filibustering, let it cost what it will. If you should think of branching out strong that way, I don't suppose you could do better than to take Kossuth for

Secretary of State. For he is Governor of Hungary, you know, and could kick that the country right on to our team without the trouble of any filibustering about it.—It could be done as quick as the Russian Bear wouldn't hardly have time to growl. And then a small filibustering army could bring in Cuba, and Canada, and Mexico, and the rest as fast as they should know what to do 'em.

Good by, General, go ahead, and keep a stiff upper lip, and anything I can do for you, just let me know. So I remain your true friend.

MAJOR JACK DOWNS.

"Take Him Out."

The best joke that we have heard related of the believers in spiritual knockers, is told of a man in North Carolina, in this State, who a few weeks since visited the house of a neighboring farmer, and as soon as the dishes were removed from the dinner table, proposed to have a "sitting" with the female in the kitchen, to see if his dear grandfather, St. Luke, would not make some new revelation.

After sitting in deathlike silence for about ten minutes, some one listed the possibility of the gentleman's being mistaken about his missing communication from St. Luke; whereupon the Spiritualist brought his fist down upon the table with decided emphasis, and exclaimed—

"Gentlemen! I know that I've had communications from my dear grandfather, St. Luke. Yes, you may laugh as much as you like, but St. Luke is in the room and yes, his blessed spirit is here! I feel something new in my re-ossession! Yes!—Oh, ah—ah—take him out! take him out!"

And here the gentlemen leaped from his chair, grasped with both hands that portion of his pantaloons which mainly weigh their rest, and begged the spectators in the most earnest tones to "take him out, or he should die on the spot."

Requesting the ladies to leave the room, the gentlemen presented him an examination of the Spiritualist's pantaloons, and found them to contain a mouse, that by the stillness of the company had been induced to leave his quarters and search for crumbs upon the floor.

It is not known whether the gentleman believes that he is wretched over all his spiritual communications, and is accordingly endeavoring to attempt to interfere the subject of spiritual knockings, by the mischievous boy's explanation.

"Take him out, take him out!"—[Boston Museum.]

THE SILENT REFORMER.—We step upon the earth—we look around, and it seems everywhere—does the sea. What ages have men lived—and know but a small portion. They deem it a life, it now with a speed under which it was talk of shells.—But let the ascension lift up his glass, and he learns to believe in a mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an insignificant grain of dust.

And as to man's walking along the road of life, as a cent, a day, or an hour, will seem long. As we grow older the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our 70 years which have rolled over, and in few thousand years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point; for then we are measuring time and eternity.

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Good by, General, go ahead, and keep a stiff upper lip, and anything I can do for you, just let